

THE PRESENT AGE.

CHICAGO OFFICE, 364 WARREN AVENUE.

The soul is immortal.—Pythagoras.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 213 WEST 23D ST.

Vol. VI. No. 8.

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1872.

Whole No. 173.

At Home and Abroad.

"The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature."—Bacon.

THE INNER VISION.

BY EDWIN SARGENT.

Yet do not think
The inner prescience never stirred or spoke;
Veiled though it be from consciousness so
strangely,
And its fine voice unheard amid the din
Of outward things—the gust of earthly pas-
sion,
There is an under-sense, a faculty,
All independent of our mortal organs,
And circumscribed by neither space nor
time,
Else whence proceed they, those clairvoy-
ant glimpses,
That vision piercing to the distant future,
Those quick monitions of impending ruin,
If not from depths of soul which conscious-
ness,
Limited as it is in mortal scope,
May not explore? Yet there, serenely la-
tent,
Or with a conscious being all their own,
Superior and apart from what we know
In this close keep we call our waking state,
Lie growing with our growth the lofty pow-
ers
We reckon not of: which some may live a life
And never heed, nor know they had a soul;
Which many a plodding anthropologist,
Philosopher, logician, scientist,
Ignores as moonshine; but which are no
less
Actual, proven, and, in their dignity
And grasp and space-defying attributes,
Worthy to qualify a deathless spirit
To have the range of an infinity
Through an unending period—at once
A promise and a proof of life immortal.
—From "The Woman Who Dared."

TWO SITTINGS WITH DR. SLADE.

EVENING SECOND.

The manifestations on the occasion of my second visit to Dr. Slade on Thursday evening, Dec 28th, were quite as remarkable as those of which I have already given an account. Mrs. Willis, who was deeply interested in my report of the preceding evening's wonders, desired very much to accompany me on this occasion, and I asked and obtained permission for her to be present with me at this sitting. Everything about the room was precisely as it was the evening before. Dr. Slade took his seat at the same side of the table, and the only change in my position was that I was brought yet nearer to his person in order to enable Mrs. Willis to occupy a seat at the same side of the table with me, opposite the aperture in the curtain.

On taking our seats we at once joined hands upon the center of the table, the room quite brilliantly lighted, the gas working much better than on the preceding evening. Almost immediately there came a hand beneath the table, first pulling at our clothing and then patting us, and finally making its appearance outside and above the table, presenting itself in my lap and as before pulling at my watch chain which seemed to offer great attractions to the spirit. It was the red hand of Owasso, the Indian chief, and, as on the previous occasion it seemed endowed with wonderful vitality, its touch being warm and magnetic. Mrs. Willis asked and obtained the privilege of placing her hand beneath the table, when this seventh hand present, claiming to be the hand of Owasso, the spirit, was laid upon hers, and stroked and patted it, and again caressed me in a very endearing manner.

Mrs. Willis returned her hand to the table, where our six hands were again re-united. Presently it began to be evident that the forces were gathering for the presentation of forms. Dr. Slade rose from his seat, arranged the shawl and curtain as on the first occasion, turned down the gas a little, but not enough to prevent our seeing distinctly every object in

the room, also his slightest movement. Resuming his seat, we again took his hands in ours and held them till the sitting was ended. He was sitting so near me that his form partially reclined upon mine, and I know that he could have made no movement with hands or feet without my instantly detecting it.

His nervous agitation began to be extreme, and we both calmed and soothed him as much as possible, and soon there was presented at the opening the sweet, familiar face of a very dear friend of ours who entered the spirit-life some four or five years ago. We both recognized her instantly. The features were as natural, as perfect and expressive as when she walked with us in the flesh. Nor did she remain in statue like repose. She was instinct with life and motion, and her motions were so wonderfully her own, as to form in themselves a most striking and satisfactory test-proof of her identity to any one intimate with her as we were. It was the living semblance of Miss Sara E. Payson, widely known and beloved in this city and in Boston. For a long time she was a leader in the first Children's Lyceum, organized in Dodworth's Hall by Jackson and Mary Davis, and yet more widely known as the writer of some charming stories for children that were published in the *Herald of Progress*.

Fifteen years ago, when rallying from the fearful illness forced upon me by the excitement attendant upon my Harvard College experience, I received an invitation from Miss Catherine Putnam and Miss Mary Payson, of Peterboro, N. H., to visit and pass the summer with them. They were entire strangers to me, but all the sympathies of their noble natures were called out by the sufferings through which I was passing. In their home of elegance, surrounded by every luxury and comfort, surrounded, too, by everything grand and beautiful in nature, I found a haven of rest and peace. It was here in the home of her childhood that I first saw Miss Sara Payson. She had a petite, graceful figure and the most beautiful auburn hair I ever saw; it fell in half ringlets about her neck. She was full of life and spirit, and her movements were sprightly, graceful and very marked in their individuality. When saying anything humorous she would give a peculiar, inimitable toss of the head. This movement she repeated to the life on this occasion at Dr. Slade's, affording us a most marked proof of her identity. In the garden at Peterboro blossomed every rare and beautiful flower almost with the exception of the white garden lily of which she was very fond. Mrs. Willis—then Miss Love Whitcomb, lived seven miles away in the town of Hancock, and in their garden bloomed the beautiful lily of which Miss Payson was so fond, and during their season they were frequently cut and sent to her. At Dr. Slade's she presented herself with one of these exquisite white day lilies upon her forehead just at the parting of the hair, thus giving us yet another striking proof of her identity.

Then Mrs. Willis, desiring for the sake of others as well as herself, as strong proofs as possible of the identity of her friend, said: "Dear Sara, if this is really you, can't you show us your beautiful hair?" Instantly she turned her head and one beautiful tress of hair fell across her neck and rested upon her breast. The color was unmistakable and there was the same half curl as in life; it rested there several seconds. This and the manner in which she turned her head, added still more force if possible to the conviction that she was actually before us.

Now for a moment accepting the hypothesis of skeptics who have never witnessed these phenomena as they occur at Dr. Slade's, but who declare them to be the result of imposture; that they are mechanical contrivances to delude the over credulous with, how, I ask, could Dr. Slade present not alone the life-like features of a person whom he never saw, but give to his automaton, the very movements of that person when in the physical form, and with no sort of an idea who we were desiring to see, endowing it with so many and striking characteristics of the individuality claiming recognition.

She remained each time long enough to have been photographed had there been an operator present with his camera. The last time that she presented herself, she made an evident effort to speak to us and this time it seemed as if she felt that she must remove the curtain that hung before her and come to us. She pressed her face against the opening and put her head partially through, and we could see the impress of her form against the curtain as she pressed toward us with joy-beaming features and lips partially unclosed as if to speak to us.

When she disappeared finally, there advanced from the opposite side of the curtain close by us, not two feet from my seat the figure of a man, tall, with hair and beard as white as snow, and face perfectly pallid. We both recognized him instantly. It was an uncle of mine who entered spirit life about five years ago. He was the deacon of a Baptist Church and lived and died a bigot. His appearance was most startlingly real. The form seemed much cruder and more material than the other. He remained looking at us from three to five minutes. Mrs. Willis said to him: "Uncle E—, if this is you can't you speak to us?" He bowed his head in assent to our recognition of him, and the lips moved with an evident effort to frame a sentence. But we could hear no sound. Dr. Slade said he heard a faint whisper. After looking us fully in the face a few seconds he faded from our view. The sitting closed, and we left the house thrilled and awed, but rejoicing in the wonderful corroboration we had been permitted to receive of the glorious fact of the nearness of the spiritual to the natural, and of the power of spirits to demonstrate their presence.

We had the pleasure of meeting here a Methodist clergyman who gave us the following astonishing testimony. He stated that last fall he had a fine boy of fourteen years taken from him in a sudden and most distressing manner by a railroad accident. He had heard of these wonders occurring at the house of Dr. Slade and came on to the city with a great yearning in his soul to learn something of his beautiful boy. He visited Foster first and received very satisfactory demonstrations of the presence of his friends, which upon going to Slade were fully substantiated by him. After one or two sittings, he had the unspeakable joy of seeing face to face the dear child whose sudden departure threw such a gloom over his heart and home. Several other near relatives present- ed themselves most unmistakably. Finally came the crowning demonstration. One day in broad daylight the spirit of his son stepped out from behind the curtain walked up to the table where his father sat holding the hands of the medium, and taking the slate that lay upon the table wrote on it: "Papa, I am your Georgie. Go to Mumler's and I will give you my picture." He went on to Boston, sat for his own picture and obtained an unmistakable likeness of his boy.

I saw it and compared it with the only likeness he possessed, taken while the boy was living, and the likeness to that was most marked though the father assured us that the spirit picture was the best.

These wonders are daily occurring at Dr. Slade's and are attracting wide spread interest and creating much excitement. They are beyond dispute the most positive demonstrations of the power of spirits to materialize themselves so as to be perceived by the external vision that have occurred since the dawn of the Christian era. They occur under conditions that render the idea of collusion or trickery absurd. There is no cabinet, no machinery, no appliances whatever beyond the simple cambric curtain and the gent's traveling shawl which is suspended against the glass of the sliding doors. We rejoice to learn that these manifestations are attracting the attention of a class of people who will rest satisfied with no slight testimony on these points, and who are receiving here demonstra- tions that are disarming their skepticism and sending them away convinced that there are more things in heaven and earth than they had hitherto dreamed of in their philosophy.

For the Present Age.

SYNOPSIS OF CORA L. V. TAPPAN'S LECTURE AT LYRIC HALL, JAN. 7.

THE SPIRITUAL OR HEAVENLY KINGDOM.

BY LOVE M. WILLIS.

This kingdom is not of the external world, neither does it belong to the spiritual realm exclusively. A. J. Davis has pictured the fair pastures of the Summer Land, and revealed the laws of the spiritual realm; our friend Robert Dale Owen has pictured the debateable ground between the spiritual world and our own; but both are aware that not sun or earth or star constitute the real spiritual kingdom. Its presence is within every human soul; its certain possession is in the everlasting now. This life is only a peninsula of this kingdom; love is but one of its points; its borders and avenues lead through the faculties of the human consciousness.

Then again there is the development of the kindly spirit, the gentle amenities of life, the friendships, the charities, that give us some glimpse of this inner kingdom. Then there is love that reveals the inner sense, and if these fail to reveal the presence of the inner kingdom, there comes death. That is only one of the avenues that lead to this inner kingdom. It is much more important to know what this spiritual kingdom shall do for you now than to know how much that is called you goes to the spiritual realm. It is vastly more important to know what this inner soul and this inner kingdom is doing for the world to-day, than to know if you shall wear the same lineaments and think the same thoughts there. You will surely wear your own face there and none other. But under the mask of humanity how will you be known? If the sorrowful deeds and tragedies of men are to constitute their spiritual trappings, how shall their spiritual mothers know them? The sun that shines in the Summer Land and through the doorways of the spiritual kingdom illumines while it does not burn, but lights you through all the darkened ways of life, and reveals to you ever the immortal possessions that are yours as a spiritual being.

Spiritual manifestations are valuable in this wise; they satisfy the sense of man; they bring an external revelation of an inner power. But you do not want your friend outside; you wish to talk to him face to face. The man that is wholly material, looking through the five senses—

without the sixth sense of the French academy, would hardly bid his friend enter that he might talk to his spiritual individuality, for the senses monopolize the senses. But if the spirit says, come in, and in your heart's temple you welcome your friend, then can you hold sweetest communion with him.

Spiritual manifestations are the avenues through which you are led to this inner kingdom. Be sure you do not make light of them. Make a fact essential, for it is as valuable as that the stars shine. Neither should you over-rate the manifestations. It is the spiritual that is to do you good, and is the real substance. Love of the marvelous, curiosity, the seeking of a sign often becomes the incentive power. You love to be astonished, to be terrified, but most you should like to know what message your friend brings. It is more important that your soul should be awakened to a consciousness of itself than all else. Hail with gladness all that can do that.

The world's great masters of poesy and inspiration have given tokens of this soul kingdom. There has been no age left without its testimony. It may be that the manifestations are the healing power to brush away the blindness of the spirit, until mankind shall say: I do believe.

But the spiritual kingdom is not limited or confined to any period or epoch. You bear it with you wherever you go, wherever your individuality may lead you. It reveals to you the intimate by revealing to you yourself. It is to you at once prophecy and fulfillment. Without it the poet's songs were a dream of despair; without its love the heart would grow sere. Death, that mystery and fulfillment would be the demon's mockery to humanity. This kingdom is not born of Christ nor of any time or any religion, but of the soul's consciousness. It is not born of states or kingdoms, but these are born of it. The earth in gratitude speaks thankfulness to it when man redeems the desert, when she yields her countless flowers to man, which represent a two-fold grace; first, in those that adorn. Man would stand a mad idiot, a wild thing, without this kingdom—this supernal kingdom within.

You that have heard its voice, that have watched your own inner consciousness, know that your soul is greater than time, death and all that comes to you. The soul is greater than the body, because in it every possibility is enshrined; within it are the silent manifestations of the Deity. The province of the soul is conquest over matter. There are your Franklins, your Kanes and many more that will risk everything to find out what open sea lies near the north pole. Livingston has been dead many times in Africa, and is not afraid of the many deaths that he may know what lies in that unknown land and what people inhabit its unexplored countries. Man lives on earth to-day to conquer; to wrest from her bosom scarred by the fierce contests of nature, the secret of life. The time shall come when every force shall be subjected to man.

Does this prove the soul's empire is only in matter? It is because the soul is supreme, the spirit greater than matter, that man is not afraid of heat or cold, of summer or winter, so that he may sail in the air in a balloon. This soul that is afraid of nothing—shall it be afraid of immortality?

Men of genius have turned to know of the hereafter; nothing could hold them. Death is one of the mildest agencies to reveal this kingdom. But you hardly know the value of life. If the spirit shine through ev-

ery avenue of mind and body, the whole world shall be chained by it. Live in this inner temple, and when every faculty shall be attuned yet still shall the soul say it is not enough. Alexander wished for more kingdoms to conquer and so the soul is insatiate. Nothing less than a universe will satisfy its longings. As the past calls not all his soul out in one song, as he that is inspired breathes not out his life in one inspiration, but says till eternity there will be more songs, more inspiration, so the soul can only sing the supreme song and yet know diviner ones still to be breathed out. There is a divine song that would win men from the paltry ways of human gain, would win because of its supernal beauty, would say to every note of discord, vanish. The song that is in you to sing, sing it, and the work that is in you to do, do it. Bind up a broken heart, and tomorrow there comes a bird fluttering at your window, and brings back your song with a diviner note. Yonder is a spirit well nigh dead by sadness; comfort it, lift it up, strengthen it, and next year more sad souls shall come to you and you are glad that you are born. This is what the spiritual kingdom can do within you. This it is that makes you sketch out for yourself some great possibility.

In this kingdom there is no slavery; all is freedom. Those that you love are yours forever. In the center of your spiritual kingdom sits your soul. These too are the friends of your spirit whom you have longed to meet. There will abide those sacred prayers and saintly thoughts that have come from the minds within your kingdom. There will be your fellows in love, hope, and aspiration, and in this kingdom shall be a sacred presence that you shall call father, and the chosen half of him, his soul's counterpart, and all around shall be the families of your kingdom, and the bond between you shall be love, and the law shall be love, and the kingdom shall be to you greater than all the world with its principalities and powers.

REV. MR. HEPPWORTH, THE POPULAR UNITARIAN PREACHER.

It would seem that rich societies and popular pulpits had a special power in closing up the perception of their occupants and blinding them to the great procession of ideas that goes marching through the world, and deafening them to the sound of the tramp of the great army of progress. Mr. Hepworth in Boston was one of the lights of the Unitarian body and his sermons were so liberal that he bade fair to become not merely a popular preacher but a power in the direction of spiritual truth. His mother was an earnest Spiritualist, and an excellent medium, and as the son revered her for her goodness and spirituality, it was natural that the tone of his religious thought should always be near to the key note of true spiritual progress. But Rev. Samuel Osgood's pulpit had a prestige of conservatism, and the young preacher was not strong enough to resist the tempting bait of popular thought.

A year and a half ago Mr. Hepworth tried to bind the Unitarian convention to a creed; not succeeding, it seemed to throw our young divine into an antagonistic attitude towards that body. He has ever since been leaning toward orthodoxy as a solace to his disappointed expectation of becoming a leader to the liberal minds of that body of thinkers. He has said that Christ was the all of religious hope and trust; that within the lids of the Bible was contained the only proof of immortality, and at last even the conservative society could bear no more, and Mr.

[Concluded on Fourth Page.]

Scientific.

For the Present Age.

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES.

NUMBER XIV.

BY PROF. E. WHITFIELD.

The geological period which succeeded the Niagara was the silurian, or Onondaga salt group, the rocks of which are seven hundred to one thousand feet in thickness. The beds extend through Cayuga and Onondaga counties, New York, a part of Canada West, a section of the Saginaw valley and the Island of Mackinaw, in Michigan. The fossils of this group are scanty. The salt wells at Saginaw, and those at Syracuse, New York, are borings in this rock, penetrating from two hundred to three hundred feet below the surface. Forty gallons of water from the Syracuse wells afford a bushel of salt—a little more than twenty per cent. Sea water contains less than one third per cent of saline ingredients. The rising lands along the borders of the continent, must have left inland lakes of salt water, which, by evaporation, precipitated large quantities of salt, and formed the store which gives an annual yield of nine million bushels, without exhausting the supply.

Still another period succeeded the salt group, before the close of the silurian. It is called the Lower Helderberg. These rocks have a limited geographical range, and were probably deposited in clear seas, which swarmed with a great abundance of marine life. Its greatest thickness in New York is at Helderberg Mountain, south of Albany, where it is two hundred feet, from which it takes its name. The rocks of this group are not recognized west of the State of New York, but extend south into Pennsylvania and Virginia, where they attain a thickness of five hundred feet. Four hundred species of fossils are recognized in the rocks of this period, among which are the chain-corals and a few crustaceans, not much unlike our crabs and lobsters. With the Lower Helderberg closed the silurian age—an age fraught with peculiar interest to the geologist, inasmuch as it witnessed the introduction of that grand series of events which culminated at a later age in man. The earth was yet young, and subject to those turbulent movements which characterize all incipient stages of progress. The sinuities of the earth's crust, obedient to igneous forces, rose and fell like the ocean tides. Rocky islands, low, barren and lifeless, emerged from the watery wastes and stood as vouchers for the future continents. The two principal chains of mountains in America were but insignificant ridges, between which the limestone and sandstone strata were depositing in continental masses thousands of feet in thickness, building up stable areas which were one day to become the theater of a teeming population. The atmosphere was thick and murky, pressing heavily upon island and sea, embracing a vast volume of gaseous constituents, which eventually became absorbed in the rocky strata of later epochs. Contrary to the opinions of some, this atmosphere was sufficiently transparent to admit the full light of day, as the eyes of the trilobite, and orthoceratite, bear abundant testimony.

To the stable azoic nucleus, the silurian age made large additions, extending the land area to the north and south of the dividing ridge. Successive ridges and terraces may be traced from the vicinity of Lake Champlain westward through Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, to Dakota, marking the outline of the encroaching shores. One may trace nine or ten such beaches, stretching across the continent from east to west, presenting all the irregularities of outline, of bay and peninsula that characterizes modern sea shores.

The area of North America during the silurian age, was for the most part a shallow sea, as abundant crinoids, corals, and brachiopod shells, animals that live only in shallow waters, abundantly testify. As the limestone strata accumulated from the relics of these living species, a slow subsidence took place, which was nearly equal to the rate of deposit; though in some localities the

area sunk beyond the limit at which the crinoids and corals could flourish, when the species were destroyed. No deep seas existed where the sand rock was formed. Sand accumulates only about sea shores and mud flats. The Potsdam sandstone bears evidence of its having been the site of ancient beaches, in the ripple marks, mud cracks, and tracks of crustaceans, which could only have been made above the level of the sea.

The life of this ancient world was abundant, almost beyond finite conception. Wherever the silurian strata are exposed to view they bear unmistakable evidence of a numerous population. Its buried relics are found under the snows of Siberia, beneath the burning sands of the tropics, figured in the old encyclopedias of China, and built into the gorgeous temples of classic lands whose walls are filled with fossils from the ancient world.

"Ages have rolled their course and time grown gray. The earth has gathered to her womb again And yet again, the myriads that were born Of her uncounted, unremembered tribes. The seas have changed their beds, the eternal hills Have steeped with age, the solid continents Have left their place, and man's imperial works, The toil, pride, strength of kingdoms which had sung, Their haughty honors in the face of heaven

As if immortal, have been swept away." Mineral veins, containing lead, iron, copper, silver, gold, &c., abound in the rocks of the silurian age. The metallic deposits are usually found in fissures that have been opened in the rocks. The igneous disturbances to which the early strata were subjected, were attended with the production of a vast number of crevices and open spaces, some of which were filled with melted material that came from below, other fissures were filled with clay, sand, and pebbles which were swept in from the top. But true veins in which metals are found are usually occupied with a variety of materials, as quartz, metallic ores, calcite, fluor spar, &c., and this material assumes a banded structure, while the material of dikes assume a columnar structure. There are three principal ways by which these veins have been filled.

First. *Infiltration.* The metallic ingredients which are scattered through the rocks in minute quantities were conveyed by moisture to the open spaces, crystallizing on the walls of the crevice, and the water thus deprived of its mineral portion, was re-supplied as long as the material of the adjacent rock lasted. The same vein would thus become filled with alternating crystals of minerals and ores.

Second. *Injection.* From masses of molten matter ejected from great depths, metals have sometimes been derived, like the copper of Lake Superior and the gold bearing quartz of Nova Scotia and California. The copper came up with the lava in a molten state, consolidating in masses weighing hundreds of tons. It is a question, however, whether the metallic substances were derived from the same deep igneous source as the lava, or otherwise, were received from the rocks surrounding the fissures during the process of injection.

Third. *Sublimation.* This was probably the method by which a large proportion of the metals have been deposited. All the metals are capable of being vaporized by heat and the heat of the interior is sufficient to render them in this form, which would of course facilitate their escape whenever fissures are opened down to their sources, through which they would ascend, condense and crystallize upon their sides, as water would precipitate its solution of lime on the side of a tea-kettle. The copper of Lake Superior, and the gold bearing quartz of the Rocky Mountains, were doubtless produced in this way. The vapor of iron, for example, came up through deep fissures, and in contact with oxygen formed oxide of iron, or iron ore. The same vapor uniting with sulphur produced iron pyrites, the vapor of lead, in like manner, formed by union with sulphur the sulphuret of lead, or galena. It is the opinion of Prof. Denton, who has carefully studied the lead bearing rocks around Galena, that "the lead found in sheets or in

cubes lining caves, has been placed in its present position by sublimation. Driven from below by heat in a state of vapor, it has passed through the underlying porous sandstone to the limestone, in whose cavities it is now found. Galena placed in the middle of a tube, and highly heated, on having steam passed through it, is sublimed, in the colder part of the tube, in cubes which exactly resemble the ore."

Though lower silurian rocks are the source of rich metallic deposits, they are not the only source that yields these precious treasures. Indeed the rocks of much later ages often contain them. Lead and iron are widely disseminated in carboniferous rocks, and copper is sometimes found in the mesozoic series. Thus ages before man came to inherit the riches so profusely scattered through the earth, nature was busily engaged in selecting these useful materials from the chaos with which they were intermingled, and distributing them in fissures and veins where they are available for the arts of civilized life. The preparation for man was slow, but wrought out with wonderful precision, as one epoch succeeded another in the almost infinite past. And yet

"The depths have more: what wealth untold, Far down and shining through their stillness lies. They have the starry gems, the burning gold. Won from a thousand royal argosies. Yet more—the depths have more, Their waves have rolled Above the cities of a world gone by— Sand hath filled up the palaces of old, Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry."

USE OF METALS AS FUEL.

An inventor proposes to substitute metals for coal as fuel for ocean steamers, and has taken out a patent for a method of carrying out his views, his object being to obtain a larger amount of steam from a given quantity of fuel.

When coal is burnt the solid coal is turned into gas, a large portion of heat becomes latent, and is wasted by volatilizing the solid. The oxygen of the atmosphere is a gas by reason of the large amount of heat combined with it. When zinc, iron or manganese are burned the resulting oxide is a dense solid; little or no heat is wasted, as it is not turned into vapor. In addition to this, the inventor obtains the cosmic heat latent in the oxygen of the atmosphere, and the result is that one pound of zinc will evaporate more than four times as much water as one pound of coal, the advantage of which, on long sea voyages is obvious. The zinc or other metal thus becomes a vehicle of power, much larger than can be obtained from the same weight or bulk of coal, and the oxide of the metal may subsequently be economically reduced at any convenient place where coal is accessible. The following is the manner in which it is preferred to carry out this invention. The furnace of the boiler is divided into two or more parts; first, the hearth or grate on which the metal is burned (in this description we will confine ourselves to the metal zinc); secondly, a chamber behind the hearth to collect the oxide. In the case of tubular boilers, the heated gas from this chamber is made to circulate through the tubes. The furnace has the bottom and sides and sometimes the top also, of brick, fire-clay, or any other refractory substance. The air is admitted over the combustible metal, or by a blast through the same; in the latter case pipes or twers are built in the bottom or sides of the furnace.

Whether this method proves practically successful or not, it is certainly based on sound principles. Every one knows what a small proportion of coal compared to the iron is used in the furnaces of iron foundries, and how the partial combustion of the iron itself increases the heat derived from the coal. If stoves could be built that would burn iron, it would doubtless be as cheap a fuel as coal, perhaps cheaper.—*Exchange.*

TEST FOR HUMAN BLOOD.—Dr. Day confirms the discovery of Neumann, that the pattern or network, which human blood exhibits when evaporated on the slide of a microscope, will serve to distinguish it from the blood of any other animal. The blood to be examined is spread on a glass plate, put on the stage of a microscope, and the stain observed until coagulation has taken place. Human blood shows a pattern of small network; the blood of other animals, the calf, pig, etc., requires more time for coagulation and yields a much larger pattern; in fact, every animal appears to furnish blood of a characteristic and peculiar form. Not only is this the fact, but blood from different functions of the body is peculiar

and capable of comparison and distinction. Scientific men have carried this investigation so far that blood stains can be traced to their source, and murder often discovered.—*Scientific American.*

The San Francisco Examiner gravely relates the case of a gentleman who had an ulcer on his arm which was cured by transplanting a piece of healthy skin from a negro to the ulcerated surface. Healthy granulation at once sprung up, and the sore healed, but the black skin spread until one-third of the arm turned black. The change of color is progressing, and doctors express the belief that the gentleman will finally turn black all over.

Phenomenal.

Ed. PRESENT AGE.—Some thirty-six years ago, near Silver Lake in the State of New York, lived a man by the name of Davison. He had a daughter of perhaps nineteen summers, who, while on a visit to her sister near Batavia, was supposed to die. She had complained of illness and soon passed into unconscious sleep, and arrangements were made for burial, but as her countenance had a glow of life her friends were induced to keep her longer. In three days she revived, and was conscious of seeing friends and relatives who had passed from earth, and who appeared beautiful and happy, but it was so much like a dream that she could hardly describe the place. These spirits told her that again she would come and see more plainly and stated the day and hour. It was at twelve o'clock, the time designated, at her father's residence, that her spirit seemed to leave. The story had been told far away, and many were present to witness her condition. She had said that in three days, at twelve o'clock, she would return, but they must give no water until her story was told. During this sleep her limbs became paralyzed and would remain as they were bent. Amid the crowd of witnesses that were present were doctors, ministers, and lawyers, and, as might be expected, the doctors tried their skill to awaken her but without success. They applied cowhage to her limbs and burned powder on her feet, to no purpose; they extended her arm and with a thread hung a flat iron to her hand; they cut the thread, and when the iron dropped no stir or change appeared on the hand or arm. The doctors said it was a lethargy or diseased sleep. As the time for awaking drew near the crowd increased and much anxiety was expressed. They had sent to Batavia to get the true time and had placed the watch outside the room where she lay and from her sight. Every moment was watched with care and at the exact time specified her eyes opened and she arose and told her story. She said that she had been with the angels and conversed with them freely; that her surroundings were most beautiful, and love, joy and harmony was on every countenance. She said she felt that she did not want to return but they said she must go back, and when she came again she could remain. She was asked if she saw hell. The answer was: "No; there was no lake of fire, but there was a place dark and gloomy, and I felt a chill of sorrow as I saw there the minister that had so often preached at our school house. He looked sorry and appeared miserable, as did all that were there." Such was her story. I saw her when she awoke and heard her talk. I can vouch for the facts in the case, and many of the old residents of Perry can attest to the same. J. P. MARKHAM.

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[Continued from First Page.]
Hepworth received a sudden dismis-
sal. He hoped and expected to carry
the society with him and compel
a secession of the disaffected mem-
bers. But policy was this time out-
witted, and Mr. Hepworth must seek
a new society, and rally about him
congenial minds outside of the ranks
of Unitarianism.
Whether he will follow his prede-
cessor and enter the ranks of the or-
thodox, remains to be seen. Surely
the Unitarians have cause of thank-
fulness that they have been able to
assert their distinctive liberality and
refuse to be led to greater conserva-
tism.

NOTES.

New York has had a great sensa-
tion in the brutal and cowardly mur-
der of Fisk Jr., the Prince of Erie, as
he has been styled. We cannot feel
to join in the wholesale and sweep-
ing denunciations that are being
heaped upon the memory of this
man. We do not believe him to have
been an incarnation of evil. Too
many instances of noble generosity
to the poor and suffering, of pure,
disinterested benevolence, have come
to light since his death to permit us
to join in the hue and cry against
him. He was unscrupulous in his
business transactions no doubt, but
in that respect was he an exception
to all other business men? He was
schemy and tricky as a speculator,
but many a speculator as schemy
and tricky as he and a hundred
times meaner than he, under the
garb of sanctity, the cloak of reli-
gion, the certificate of church mem-
bership, passes muster in New York
society as most respectable, most vir-
tuous, most enviable. Undoubtedly
he had social vices. Would we ex-
tenuate those? Nay; but at the
same time we affirm that what he
had the courage and the sincerity to
do openly and above board, scores of
his censorious critics practice in se-
crecy under the various garbs of hy-
poocrisy with which men veil their
vices from public view. It is nobler
by far to dwell upon the good in men
than upon the evil, and James Fisk's
sudden death has revealed that with
all his faults, with all his vices he
possessed many noble traits. It is
said that he expressed a wish to live
in order that his murderer might
not be hung. How far removed is
this from the spirit of that prayer
that has excited the world's homage
of admiration, "Father, forgive them,
for they know not what they do."
We would not apologize for evil, we
would not extenuate one fault, but if
one virtue can be brought to the
foreground in any man's character,
we would do it that the pure shining
of its luster may reflect brightness
upon the somber background of evil,
remembering ever that when we
shall stand at the bar of infinite jus-
tice with the full white light of in-
finite purity and truth shining upon
our souls, we shall all need the broad
mantle of an infinite charity wrapped
about our weaknesses and follies, our
failures and our sins.

But no more striking illustration
of the manner in which orthodox
manages to get people into heaven
could possibly be offered than is pre-
sented in the sermon that was
preached at the funeral of this man
in Vermont. The preacher affirmed
that there was every reason to be-
lieve that he died trusting in Jesus,
because when it was said to him that
he could not live, he replied, "All
right, God's will must be done." Now
why does not orthodoxy come
boldly out and say in so many plain
words, "Here, no matter what your
life is; you may live immersed in
meanness, profligacy and crime up
to your very eyes all your life, and it
shall be all right with you if at the
last, when death stares you in the
face you make the *anemic* honorable
to God by expressing your faith in
Jesus." This is virtually and practi-
cally the teaching of that system, or
scheme of salvation that provides a
scapegoat for man upon which he
can pack off the responsibilities of
his individual acts and ride safely
into the bosom of God. It is this
miserable doctrine that fills the world
with hypocrites, and holds out a pre-
mium to vice and iniquity. What
matters it whether or not I live a
true and noble life. My love of gain

prompts me to get wealth at all haz-
ards. What matters it if I lie, cheat,
steal, so that I get rich? My strong
lusts and passions lead me to seek
gratification at the risk of everything,
regardless of the misery and ruin,
the degradation and despair I may
carry in my track. What matters it
how much I defile this temple of
God, my body? When I come to
die, by the aid of a little patent
whitewash called the blood of Jesus,
I can be ushered into the very pres-
ence of Infinite Purity and Love.
Fie! on such such a scheme of salva-
tion. We confess we have not the
slightest respect for it, and rejoice to
know that it is fast losing its hold
upon rational beings, and just such
funeral discourses as was preached
over the body of James Fisk Jr., are
eye-openers to the absurdity of this
plan of shirking righteous retribution
for the deeds done in the body and
sneaking into heaven on the merits
of somebody else.

There is a wide margin among Spirit-
ualists as to the number of persons in the
United States who believe in that thing.
Judge Edmonds of this city, thinks there
are about 6,000,000. Hepworth Dixon 3,000,
000. Andrew Jackson Davis, 4,320,000.
Warren Chase, 8,000,000. The Roman Cath-
olic Council that met last at Baltimore, be-
tween 10,000,000, and 11,000,000. Mr.
Tebb, an English traveler, after a thorough
investigation, believes that there are in the
Eastern states three per cent of Spiritual-
ists; Middle and Western two per cent;
Southern states and territories, one per
cent, making a total spiritual population,
including the children of believers, of 600,
000. This is believed to be underrated by
those who have faith in the phenomena. —
Harper's Weekly.

We can assure *Harper's Weekly*
that Mr. Tebb's estimate is not worth
the paper it was figured upon. When
it was stated in the Roman Catholic
Council at Baltimore that there were
11,000,000 believers in Spiritualism
in the United States, the world may
rest assured that the statement was
based upon a solid foundation. The
Roman Catholic system of espionage
is so wonderful, so all-pervasive, and
so jealously are the priests on the alert
for the detection of any and all
influences that war against the church
or tend to undermine its influence or
weaken its power, that their estimate
of the power of Spiritualism in this
country is of more value than all
the authorities combined that are
cited by *Harper's Weekly*. "This
thing," was deemed of sufficient im-
portance to be laid before the Ecu-
menical Council at Rome, and we may
rest assured that its presentation
there was based upon the report made
before the Baltimore Council, as to
its progress and power. Between
Roman Catholicism and Spiritualism
there is no half way ground. The
different sects of Protestantism are
simply so many different degrees of
compromise with Romanism. Spirit-
ualism offers it no compromise.
Roman Catholicism has no fear of
Protestantism. She regards the lat-
er as effete. But this young giant
Spiritualism, she does fear because it
is based upon reason and she well
understands that the conflict between
Rome and reason is as irrepressible
as the conflict between freedom
and slavery, and as eternal. When in
Rome, we conversed with two Cath-
olic bishops, and on the cars, going
from Rome to Florence, we had a
long discussion with three Italian
priests and from them all we learned
just the extent of the interest and
alarm Spiritualism is creating among
the Romanists.

Hence, we affirm that their esti-
mate of the number of Spiritualists
in the United States, we may be very
sure, is based upon an accurate in-
vestigation.

The Boston Radical Club had a
funny time at one of their recent
meetings. The question up for dis-
cussion was, "The relation of Jesus
to the present age." Prof. Stowe, the
husband of Harriet Beecher Stowe,
was present to speak in behalf of or-
thodoxy, and defend it from the at-
tacks of the free thinkers. But the
reverend professor was himself so
heretical and bold in some of his ut-
terances that he shocked some of the
radicals even. He said among other
things that it would have been "more
to the glory of God if he had made
fewer human beings and made them
better." Dr. Bartol in replying made
a delicate allusion to people who felt
competent "to give the Lord useful
hints." We are reminded of the
minister who prefaced his prayer
with, "We do not wish to dictate, O
Lord! we would merely suggest." We
are reminded too of a minister
within the sphere of our personal ob-
servation who never seems to feel at
all sure whether God made him or
he made God.

The Present Age.

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Devoted to Religious, Political and Social Reform,
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Associate Editors:
DR. F. L. H. WILLIS, L. S. WHEELER.
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All Communications pertaining to the Editorial
and Business Department, should be addressed to:
COL. D. M. FOX,
264 Warren Avenue, Chicago.

For the Present Age,
PASSING AWAY.

BY E. J. W.

My good friend, they say you're passing
away,
Sitting still for the summer shore,
And that life's full tide seeks the other side
To kiss the sands of this no more.
That the weary years of toiling and tears
In this world of sorrow and sin,
Are bringing their freight to the autumn's
gate

And gathering life's harvest in;
I think of the time of your mortal prime,
When the roses still bloomed for you,
And this world seemed fair as the one over
there.

Now floating almost into view;
And wonder if you, with brave heart and
true,
Will turn from the past with a sigh?

You answer, I know, "With pleasure I go
Where life's roses never more die."
In thinking, I find you leave few behind;
Many footprints shine on that strand!

The harbor in sight has blossomed out
white
With welcomes to the angel land!
But stay, my friend, stay for my message;
say

You will not forget in your joy
To seek everywhere 'mong the angels most
fair,
For my babe and beautiful boy?

I think you will know their forehead's
snow
And eyes of the tenderest blue;
Your friendship for me will help them to
see

The goodness and beauty in you!
And when you have seen babe Evangeline
And the angel who has them in care,
Oh! tell her for me how my soul yearns to
see

My children in glory up there!
Perhaps she will bring 'neath the veil of her
wing
The darlings to lay on my breast,
And give me one glance in ecstasie trance,
Then I'll try to wait death for the rest!

Oh! soft be the breeze and calm be the seas
That bear my dear brother to bliss!
May the world above reward him in love
For the goodness he added to this.

TRITONVILLE, PA.
DEFINITIONS IN SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER IV.

While the scientist and the intu-
itive philosopher dwell at antipodes
to each other, it was natural that
mutual ignorance should be expressed
in mutual disrespect and antagonism;
but now that the argosies of thought
have circumnavigated the sphere of
existence, the temper of all classes
grows more cosmopolitan and hos-
pitable. The "Celestials" of Asiatic
theology, consent at last to mingle
with "the outside barbarians" of
skeptical science; and the heroes of
demonstration cross the stormy seas
of free discussion, to join the pio-
neers who have reached the new con-
tinent of freedom by clairvoyantly
voyaging across the Pacific Ocean of
spiritual inspiration. Meeting thus
under new conditions, old prejudices
and limitations are forgotten; each
class has much to learn of the other,
and the result of their peaceful in-
tercourse is a fraternal understand-
ing and better appreciation of each
by all.

The enlarging field of science, and
the expanding scope of spiritual phi-
losophy rapidly merge their bound-
aries, science ever dealing more and
more with imponderable elements,
with ethers, with forces, and prob-
lems of the origin of life; while phi-
losophy, learning the value of facts,
becomes continually more practical,
more definite and systematic. Spirit-
ualism has discovered, and partly clas-
sified, a class of facts of the utmost
importance to philosophic analysis.
That which has been observed in re-
lation to the general subjects of
clairvoyance, clairaudience, and clair-
osympathy, and psychometry, when
thoroughly discussed indicates, the
sense of that which has been called
"spiritual vision," "seership," "in-
tuitive" and prophecy. Clairvoy-
ance, in some cases, simply endows
the possessor of the faculty with
ability to see external and palpable
objects, under conditions in which
they cannot be seen by common eye-
sight; in other persons, the clairvoy-

ance seems to have another degree
of development, and a new phase of
action. In such instances, not only
are ordinary scenes visible under ex-
traordinary circumstances as before,
but materials and substances impalp-
able to common sense, and invisible to
common sight, are sensed and seen
as tangible objects are usually beheld.
Nor is this the end; "another step
and higher" seems possible some-
times. Those who understand the
capacity of the clairvoyant, and who
know the nature of clairaudience,
and are informed as to the remark-
able things of psychometry,
are ready to comprehend that in
the conditions sometimes called ab-
normal, the special use of the senses
seems to become blended, or merged
indefinitely.

The normal function of the spirit
seems to be a compound complex
act; not sight, yet seeing; not hear-
ing, yet it hears; not sensation, yet
it feels; no one sense, yet the com-
posite use of all the senses at once.
The material body, seems to consti-
tute an analogy to a prism, upon
which the spirit infringes, as the so-
lar ray shines on the prism; and as
the ray of light is divided by the
prism into the various colors of the
spectrum, so the direct force and ac-
tion of the spirit is diverted, divided,
and drawn away through different
organs, becoming a special sense in
each organ, according to its capacity.
Or perhaps we should say, the organs
of the body are of the nature of win-
dows, each so constructed and pre-
pared that only one color can enter,
and one class of objects be seen
through each of them. In the ab-
normal conditions, so-called, we may
imagine the spirit to go upward to
the summits of the towers, and
standing outside and above its habi-
tation, take all forms, all colors, all
natures in at one comprehensive re-
cognition.

Informed regarding these things,
it is easy to comprehend that inas-
much as in clairvoyance and its kin-
dred developments, the spirit evinces
powers beyond the grasp of the or-
ganic senses, so there must exist a
class of spiritual faculties of a high-
er range than those manifest in the
body, and that, as in the mere act
of cognition or recognition the spirit
absorbs and concentrates all the
functions of the organic senses, it
intensifies the power and enhances
the effect of its operation, until trans-
cendent results are produced. Nor
would it be mere imagination to sup-
pose that the power to know, was
but one of the attributes of the spir-
it so enlarged; in the sphere of being
and in that of doing, of influencing
and controlling, equal expansion is
manifested. To measure the capaci-
ty of the spirit in this super-sensuous
condition, is to find limits for that
which assimilates to the nature of the
infinite; here as no where else, "he
would be bold . . . who pronounced
the word impossible."

We find in psychometry and the
higher clairvoyant phases, that
thoughts are recognized with the
same facility that objects are noticed;
so obvious is this that opponents of
Spiritualism have mentioned "mind-
reading," as the explanation of all
the so-called "tests" received by in-
vestigators. How clairvoyance de-
fects thought, we cannot as yet de-
termine. The mutes in the Clarke
Institution at Northampton, Mass.,
are taught by women to read the
words any one speaks, by the motion
of the lips (to which they reply al-
oud). Can the clairvoyant read the
thought from a view of the working
of the brain? We are told each class
of thoughts, to the vision of the
clairvoyant, evolves a different color,
and even a written word, or lock of
hair, held unseen in the hands, brings
before the psychometrist a vision of
the body, condition, thought, and
feeling of any one. All these things
go to establish the proposition not
fully argued here, that the highest
degree of clairvoyance is intuitive;
in fact that intuition is that one com-
plex sense of the spirit, we have
spoken of in a preceding paragraph.
The assumption of prophetic power,
or the claim of intuitive ability, is
no more extraordinary than the facts
which have been referred to. In
truth these facts when carefully con-
sidered, not only force the conviction
that intuition exists as an attribute

of human nature, and insight, fore-
sight, and prophecy are legitimate
though varied exercises of that spir-
itual power—but that we have
reached beyond the fact and the phe-
nomena, grasped the law and divined
the principle which underlies, inheres
in, and controls the whole matter.
In this way, Spiritualism discovers
the origin of spiritual ideas in pos-
session of unscientific minds; in this
way, it makes known the source from
which the light of philosophy dawns,
and explains the nature of that in-
tuitive which in this illumination
discovers the outlines of truth and
the form of principles.

Conceding the effect of conditions
and the force of the limitations of
the spirit in making fallible the seer-
ship of the intuitionist and the an-
nouncements of prophets, so far as
to make it absurd, perhaps, to rely at
all upon them without collateral evi-
dence, yet it seems rational to the
Spiritualist to believe in an inner or
higher sense in the spirit, which re-
sponds in degree according to con-
ditions to the harmony of truth, and
perceives the relations of principle,
as the common eyesight sees the ma-
terial forms of nature. The things
thus sensed, are the stars and con-
stellations in the sky of philosophy;
and it is by observation and reason-
ing upon these silver spheres of truth
scanned through the telescope of in-
tuitive, that the student of the real,
evolves the supernal astronomy of
the world of law, the universe of
principle, and the cosmos of being.
As no astronomy can be scientific
which fails to account for the form
and motions of the earth, so no phil-
osophy can be logical in process and
soundly exact in premises which fails
to accord with the demonstrations of
science. We find as regards philoso-
phy, the Spiritualist has no occasion
to modify the meaning of the word
from the common idea of "a hypoth-
esis or system upon which natural
effects are explained," instead, we
discover that Spiritualism points out
intuition as the discoverer and ob-
server of the sources of philosophy,
and demonstrates the exercise of
that faculty of high clairvoyance, to
be a natural evolution of inherent
human power. Thus the true pre-
misses of philosophy are defined, and
the manner of gaining a knowledge
of them made known. Then to state
briefly, as the Spiritualist must come
to understand the terms—

SCIENCE is knowledge, the result of
an observation of facts; its agents
are the senses and comparison.

PHILOSOPHY is the theory of univer-
sal relations, the result of a study of
principles; its agents are intuition
and reason.

CALHOUN COUNTY CIRCLE.

Last Saturday and Sunday the an-
nual meeting of the above named
circle was held at Marshall, Mich.
We had often, during the past few
years enjoyed the happiness derived
from meeting with the Spiritualists of
that vicinity, hence, notwithstanding
we had only the week previous been
absent from our sanctuary in atten-
dance at the Eaton County Circle,
we could not overcome the desire to
pass the Sunday with our friends who
were to meet in Marshall. We could
only reach our destination by taking
the Saturday night accommodation
train, without the advantage of a
sleeping car. The fatigue of a week
of hard work in the office, and the
weariness of a night ride are not the
best conditions to prepare one for en-
joying the exercises of such a meet-
ing, but in the cheerful sunlight and
beauty of last Sunday morning, no
one could well be very despondent,
and as we entered the hall and grasp-
ed many fraternal hands and looked
into joyous faces, we felt to say: "It
is good for us to be here." Perhaps
in a degree this happy change might
be attributed to the fact that we had
hardly entered the hall, before broth-
ers Geo. R. McKay and J. E. Worm-
ley each handed us \$5. Others came
forward to renew their subscriptions
for the current volume, and yet others
to subscribe, all with expressions of
kind feeling. To all we could truly
respond:

"Thy words have darted hope into my soul,
And comfort dawned upon me."

The good women of the Marshall
society had done their whole duty in
making the hall appear as pleasant

as possible by decorating it with
greens and adorning its walls with
paintings and engravings. It was
men, in whom, as society is now
stinted, more particularly centred
the financial power, would lose
their purse strings but a little, had
they been provided that should
reached without climbing two flights
of stairs through a dark way, scarce-
ly wide enough for one person, and
possible for two to enter at the bot-
tom. We hope our friends everywhere
are doing their whole duty in this
respect, but we do so much, we
desire to see the places where our
ings are proclaimed made inviting
and more in harmony with the spir-
itual idea, that we sometimes feel
exercising the privileges of an equal
to send a little. We do at least
to indicate a better way. If our
wealthy Spiritualists in different
localities we could name had made
the earnestness of our friends in
Sturgis, they would, like them, be
a pleasant church of their own
which to meet.

The speakers in attendance at the
Calhoun County Meeting were Messrs.
A. E. Mossop, Dr. Spinnery, and
B. Lynn. The last named had just
delivered, as we were informed, a
fine lecture the previous evening.
The theme upon which Mr. Lynn
spoke was given us by the secretary.
The meeting, and we entered it with
our notes, but we may as well have
made known the fact that our notes
were unfortunately lost on our way
home, and we can only write of our
meeting from our recollection of after-
proceedings. The forenoon of Sat-
day was principally occupied by the
delivery of a lecture by Dr. Spinnery.
In the afternoon the business of the
circle was attended to. J. P. Angell
was elected president; Mrs. Fisk
vice-president; Mrs. Cornell, sec-
retary; Mrs. Bishop, treasurer. Bro-
ther Jeremiah Brown introduced a
resolution providing for amending the
constitution by striking out the word
"circle" whenever it occurred, and
inserting the word "association." The
society, as at present designated,
CALHOUN COUNTY CIRCLE. By the
change proposed it would be the
Calhoun County Association of Spirit-
ualists. Brother Brown advocated
the change in some very appropri-
ate remarks, and as this question is
of general interest to our friends in
Michigan, there being over twenty
county organizations known as "cir-
cles," we will report the remarks he
made against the proposition as nar-
row, as we can recall them from memory.

The author of the resolution said:
"MR. PRESIDENT—I am in favor of
change from the fact that the word 'cir-
cle' is vague and indefinite. Its use tends
to confuse and mislead the public. I have
heard many ask what it meant, and I be-
lieve the general impression is that Spiritualists
must once in three months oc-
cupy a great circle for spiritual manifes-
tations. I am unable to give to inquirers
reason for thus designating our county
societies, and I am utterly at a loss to ac-
count for its ever having been used in this
connection. The word association is in
common use; it is understood by every-
body; the people will know just what we mean. This
state organization is known as the state
association. Let us make the name of our
county society conform to it."

A gentleman present who had
largely participated in the organiza-
tion of Michigan, responded to the
question. He said:

MR. PRESIDENT—I am not now a mem-
ber of your state and am not, except by
sympathy, entitled to a voice in the discus-
sion. This question which to me is of interest
of more importance than would at first
appear. My esteemed friend remarks that
he is at a loss to account for the adoption
of such a word by those who wrote the con-
stitution. Having from the first, and for
so long a time been connected with the
Michigan work in this state, I can give the
desired answer. Your first state conven-
tion was held in Battle Creek, in the year 1850.
A hastily prepared and necessarily of a
constitution for the state association was
adopted. No provision had been made for
local societies, hence we had a head with-
out a body for its support. The year passed
without action. At the next meeting, held
in Adrian, new officers and new mem-
bers were elected. They were in one word
thereafter called by the newly elected pres-
ident to meet in Lansing to consider and
elaborate and general plan for bringing
the Spiritualists of the state into active co-
operation. At that meeting your present
constitution, I think a most excellent one,
was adopted by a unanimous vote.

This board, in considering the appropi-
ate to be given to societies, acted quite delib-
erately. They called to mind that the Meth-
odists had their "conferences," the Presby-
terians their "presbyteries" and "synods,"
Baptists their "associations," and other

The Home Circle.

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE, EDITOR.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

BY J. G. WHITEHEAD.

A dreary place would be this earth, were there no little people in it; the song of life would lose its mirth, were there no children to begin it, to little faces, like buds to grow, to little hands the adorning heart surrender, to little hands on breast and brow, to keep the thrilling love-chorus tender, the sterner souls would grow more stern, Unfeeling nature more inhuman, and man to stoic coldness turn, And woman would be less than woman, life's song, indeed, would lose its charm, Were there no babies to begin it, the dreary place this world would be, Were there no little people in it.

CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Ten days had passed away since Ernest and his mother had returned to their little cottage in the valley. Mrs. Strawbridge had been very busy writing all day. By and by she looked up at the clock, put away her papers and called out to May and Charley who were playing near the orchard.

"I have finished, children. Come to me. I want to ask you a question. How would you like to go and see aunt and Ernest and Alfena to-night? We can return early in the morning."

"Oh yes! oh yes! do let us go," they said.

"I will chase the chickens into their house," said Charley, "while you get ready," and away he went.

May went to the closet and took out her shaker-bonnet that was dimmed with pea-green. "Look here," she said, "the mice have been eating the trimming of my bonnet. I know why they ate it," she added, with a twinkling smile; "they have been seen anything green for so long that they thought this was good to eat because it is green."

In less time than it has taken me to write this far, they were all ready, and very soon they crossed the arroyo, and walked round the mountains, and far away, could see a little creek which they knew was aunt's stage. Irrigating ditches were cut in several directions, and often they stopped to rest by their side; ripple, ripple, went the water, and the people, ripple, ripple, went the voices of the children. The sun was sinking in the west and lighting up the mountains with purple and gold, and May said very often:

"Mamma, it is very pretty here." "Now we are O. P. H.," said Charley, after they had rested some time by one of the canals. "Oh! look at that!" he screamed as he jumped like a deer. "A snake! a snake! a red snake!"

As he said this, he hit the snake and a stout stick he held in his hand, and killed it. Hardly had they got away from the snake when May called out:

"A tarantula! a tarantula! oh! it is large!" "I see it now! I see it!" said Charley, "what a big fellow! See the legs bent all round, first up and then down, so that his body seems to sink in the middle."

"He is black and yellow," said May. "See the yellow in front; and as large as my little china samovar, that was given to me by the lady of Chicago."

"It is poisonous," said Mrs. Strawbridge, "so lend me your stick, Charley, and I will send it to kingdom come."

This was soon done, and on they went, talking about snakes and tarantulas. There were several houses in the valley, the homes of settlers, one of them they called and learned at on the morning of that day, the family were sitting at breakfast, a coyote, or wolf, had come close to the house and stolen one of the chickens; and that while they were busy watching the coyote march to with the chicken in its mouth, the other coyote had taken an old rooster from the other side of the house.

A gentleman who was there, and who had listened to Charley's account of the snake and tarantula, said:

"Let me tell you a true story, my boy. Once I was crossing the des-

ert over here," (pointing to the high mountains to the north-east). "I was the boss of the train. One day we traveled along from morning to night without finding any water. Late at night we found a spring, however, we scooped out the sand and soil, and made quite a deep place which soon filled with water. We decided to remain here one day and rest our animals and ourselves. The next day I had taken off my clothes, and was sitting on the ground in my shirt, mending them, and several of the men were doing the same thing, when I accidentally lifted my head and there was a large rattlesnake that had raised itself up and was just ready to dart upon me! I was so startled, I could only shout 'oh! oh! oh!' and roll over and over on the ground, and the spring of water being near, into it I rolled, splash! splash! The men asked what was the matter, but all I could say was 'oh! oh! oh!' At last I told them, and then we went to work to hunt for rattlesnakes and we actually killed sixteen snakes that day in that spot, round about the spring!"

"Did you ever see any baby snakes?" asked May.

"Yes I have, and now I will tell you a story, little miss," said the gentleman. "When I was a boy I was often told that snakes swallowed their little ones when in danger. This I did not believe exactly, and I was resolved to find out if it was true. One day I was in the deep woods, and I saw on a long branch of a tree, that lay on the ground, a large rattlesnake spread out her full length; here and there, some running over her, others playing on the branch, were a great number of wee snakes, baby snakes, as you call them. I watched them for a long time, and at last I made a noise, when the old snake opened her mouth and the little ones actually ran down her throat!"

"Oh! oh!" said May and Charley. "But," inquired Charley, "did you ever see any snake eggs, sir?"

"Yes, I have; they are about as large as pigeon eggs, but they have no shell. You have seen a hen's egg without any shell? well, snake eggs are the same. I have broken them and have sometimes found inside the little rattlesnake, with the beginning of the rattle on the end of its tail."

"Thank you, sir, for the stories," said the children as they bade good bye to the gentleman, and were off with quick step, for the sun had disappeared and they had but two miles to walk. But the full round moon sailed over the mountains on the east, and they said to each other:

"What matter if the sun has sunk in the west? let us take our time and enjoy the walk. There was no wind and yet there seemed to be music in the air, as if brought from a distance, and often they stood still to listen. Oh! blessed mother! blessed children! not soon will they forget that moonlight night, for they talked of many things in such a quiet way, and they felt such calm, such peace, and such a sense of being alone in that great valley thirty miles long and several miles wide, the lofty mountains all about them suggesting such mystery, silence, and wonder, that they very naturally came to talk of the spirit land and what life there would be the most natural and most pleasant. When near the cottage Charley said:

"Now let us frighten aunt."

They peeped into the window; Ernest was asleep, Alfena, too, but there sat aunt in her rocking-chair reading. Mrs. Strawbridge knocked at the door with the stick Charley carried. Aunt rose from her seat, looked startled, then called out:

"Who is there?"

"All now laughed, and what a merry time they did have. Ernest awoke, listened to all the snake and tarantula stories, and was delighted because they had come.

The next morning Mrs. Strawbridge decided to remain one day that the children might be together. They rose early to enjoy the cool air; the goats and chickens came round to be fed, and as Mrs. Strawbridge sat on the step watching them she was greatly amused at the names of the chickens.

"You have been playing Adam, I think, Mr. Ernest," she said; "come

here, my boy, and tell me why you gave such curious names to the chickens. Which chicken do you call Sunday-best, and why did you give that name?"

"There she is!" said Ernest; "you see, aunt, she has a top-knot, and looks very fine, so I called her Sunday-best. This one I call Chatterbox, because she is all the time chattering."

"You are a funny boy. Adam ought to have had you beside him when the animals went to him to be named. I heard you call one Night-gown."

"Yes I called her Night-gown because she is dressed in white."

"Pretty good," said his aunt, laughing.

"This brown hen," he said, "is Excuse-me; she looks so cross."

"Go on, my boy," said his aunt.

"That hen," he said, "is named Thief, for she steals our grapes out of the shed. Yonder is Snap-feather, because when she fights she snaps feathers off the hens and eats them. But here is Nellie; does she not look good? and here is Blue; you see her feathers, aunt, are shiny."

"You will do for a son of old Adam," said his aunt, laughing.

"Do you mean," said Ernest, "that man God made out of dust?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Oh! Adam was a monkey!" he replied, "and I don't believe that story about Adam."

"You are a little infidel then."

"I am a Spiritualist," said Ernest.

"I don't believe wicked stories."

At that moment they looked up and lo! large droves of cattle seemed to fill the valley. Hundreds of cows, calves, horses, and sheep! The children were greatly pleased at the sight. In rainy years when these valleys of California are covered with a sort of clover, or grass, there are thousands and tens of thousands of cattle, attended by shepherds, raised here for the eastern markets.

"Grapes, one cent a pound!" shouted Ernest, as he came with several large bunches of grapes in his hands, "only one cent a pound."

And this is their price to-day in this part of California. We buy fifty pounds for fifty cents. Then they are such deliciously juicy grapes! But I must return and tell you that before these animals in the valley were out of sight, a terrible dust storm came, such a storm as no body has ever seen in the eastern states. Soon the sky was darkened with the dust; it sifted through the crevices, between the boards of the house and covered everything, and every one of our friends with dust. Oh! terrible day! Our friends had to cover their eyes to save them from being blinded. Down, down, came the dust, the wind howling like madness! Verily they all looked as if they had, like poor old Adam, been made of the dust of the ground. Mrs. Strawbridge and her sister were in despair; were they going to be buried alive? Little Alfena defied the dust and sat on the floor, like a little philosopher, filling her mother's slippers with dust and then depositing it in a heap. The children looked at her, laughed, and then began to romp, laugh, shout and dance as if in defiance of the storm. All the day, or until about five o'clock in the evening, the storm lasted; then the doors were opened, children washed and dressed, Alfena put into her wagon, doors locked, and off they all went to the home of Mrs. Strawbridge. There had not been such a storm there; very little dust has found its way into Charley's house. All day our friends were without food, for no fire could be lighted, and no bread was baked. But supper is ready; a good broiled beef steak is on the table. Come to supper, children! How gladly they come down the ladder, from the roof of the kitchen to which they had climbed, and what justice is done to bread and butter, beef, potatoes, and pears. Oh! such pears! as large as a pint bowl, and as soft and juicy as the most delicious peach. What care they for dust storms now? not a bit, for they know that if they had been in a good tight house very little dust could have reached them.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths.

FROM WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE. ENOUGH'S ENOUGH.

BY THOMAS K. BEECHER.

It was the 4th of July. The big guns from the forts in the harbor had awakened me, and the pop! pop! pop! and ever-when-out (as nearly as I can spell it) of crazy double-headed men kept me awake, and got me up an hour too soon.

Next door to us, in the city lived a little boy, say eight years old; and I think that I never saw any one boy who had so many things to make a noise with on the fourth of July. He had six boxes of shooting crackers; pile after pile of torpedoes; as many as fifty double-headed crackers; two or three little iron cracker pistols, and torpedo jets; and for the evening, a dozen rockets, and any number of pin-wheels, blue lights, Roman-candles, and such. His father must have spent at least sixty dollars to make his little boy happy?

Well! The day began early. The boy had scarcely slept, he was so excited. Up he jumped at the first gun from the fort, hurried on his clothes, forgot to wash himself or to comb his hair, lighted his punk (some folks call it *spark*), snatched out a pack of crackers and a half-pint of torpedoes, and began his pop, pop, in the back yard. Fired one at a time his crackers would have kept him busy a day or two. But before breakfast time he had got into a crazy hurry, and would dance and yell round a whole pack going off at once!

By nine o'clock he had moved into the street, with his ammunition piled on the door step, while twenty poor boys gathered round to see and hear and envy the rich little maniac. How he rushed up and down those steps! How red his face, and shiny, as he began to sweat! How he touched 'em off, without waiting to hear or to time to enjoy. By half-past ten he had burned 'em all up, ending off with a whole box at once, and smashing a bundle of a hundred torpedoes at a throw. He was a sweaty, grimy, crazy little fury.

And now his fun was all gone miff! after dark! So he fretted and whined and got whipped twice that day. He teased. They let him send up his rockets and burn his Roman candles during the early twilight, while the day was bright, and then put him abed sick. And I think that in all New York there was not one boy so poor and ragged but enjoyed more that day than this little crazy pet who burned up at least sixty dollars' worth of pop and jets.

"I tell you, I'd like to have sixty dollars' worth of 4th of July! I'd have fun!" I hear some of the boys saying. Yes! I remember when I was about eleven years old, and off at school they used to give me just one piece of pie for dessert, after dinner. It tasted so good and was gone so soon, that I used to think of it all the way down the hill as I went to recitation, and wish that it was one big mince pie for half a mile and I had to eat my way through it, as a worm eats into an apple—eat and go! And I have seen boys start to eat up a candy cane! But before they had chewed and sucked up half of it they were sick enough of it.

The confectioners (they call them *sweetmakers* in England), understand this. And when they take a new boy into the shop to work, they tell him to eat all the candy he wants! He never eats much but once. He gets sick of sweets, and hates them as a fly does the molasses in which he is stuck and drowning. Here is

A FABLE.

A man in the mint was told that he might take away one pocket-full of gold, if he would run straight home with it and not stop by the way nor touch his pocket. So he filled his largest pocket full of gold and started for home. But as he was running down a little hill, the gold hung heavy, tore off his pocket, and fell down in the road. When he had got home and found his gold and his pocket gone together, "Alas!" said he, "had I taken less I should have more."

All the real fun that we ever get, we must take by little, temperate pockets-full. If we overload once or twice, that ends the matter. That pocket will never hold any more fun at all.

THE CHILD'S POCKET ETIQUETTE, IN TEN COMMANDMENTS.

The following article, by George Francis Train, was originally published in *The Revolution* about three years since. It is too precious to be forgotten, and we hope our young readers will commit it to memory and practice its precepts:

1. Always say, Yes, sir. No, sir. Yes, papa. No, papa. Thank you. No, thank you. Good-night. Good-morning. Never say How, or Which, for What. Use no slang terms. Remember that good spelling, reading, writing and grammar are the base of all true education.

2. Clean faces, clean clothes, clean shoes, and clean finger-nails indicate good breeding. Never leave your clothes about the room. Have a

place for everything, and everything in its place.

3. Rap before entering a room, and never leave it with your back to the company. Never enter a private room or public place with your cap on.

4. Always offer your seat to a lady or old gentleman. Let your companions enter the carriage or room first.

5. At table eat with your fork; sit up straight; never use your tooth-pick, (although Europeans do), and when leaving ask to be excused.

6. Never put your feet on cushions, chairs, or table.

7. Never overlook any one when reading or writing, nor talk or read aloud while others are reading. When conversing listen attentively, and do not interrupt or reply till the other is finished.

8. Never talk or whisper aloud at church or other public gathering, and especially in a private room where any one is singing or playing the piano.

9. Loud coughing, hawking, yawning, sneezing, blowing, is ill-mannered. In every case cover your mouth with your handkerchief, (which never examine—nothing is more vulgar, except spitting on the floor.)

10. Treat all with respect, especially the poor. Be careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks. Never tell tales, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame or the colored, mimic the unfortunate, or be cruel to insects, birds, or animals.

"The turning point in my life," said a gentleman, "was when I was a boy, not going to a low circus. Some kind of low show and circus came into town, and of course all the boys were dying to go. My mother did not want me to go. I might have stolen off. I had money enough in my pocket, the boys did all they could to persuade me, and more than all, people were going in squads to see it. It is so easy to go with the multitude; it is so hard to make a stand, break away, and go the other way.

"That is exactly what I did. I 'mastered the situation.' I mastered myself, and did not go.

"It was the resolution then called out, and called out perhaps for the first time, which has, under God, served me many a good turn since, and made me what I am."—*Exchange.*

Pleasantries.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

One day at school I told the boys "I was going to chew tobacco." A six year old, grown very bold, presumed to give his veto. Said he: "I saw a feller chew because he had the toothache; 'Tain't never wrong for anyone To chew that has the toothache." The school agreed. With him, indeed. His logic charmed the rebels. Quite puzzled, I could scarce reply. At first, to his assertions. A happy thought. However brought Relief from Greeley's namesake. "Horrors," I said. "If a girl instead Should chance to have the toothache And want to chew, What should she do?" Like older ones by time unschooled He scratched his head And then he said, "She'd better have the tooth pulled."

The latest device for "breaking up" a setting hen is to put a couple of lumps of ice in the nest.

As editor, puffing air-tight coffins, said, "No person having tried one of these coffins will ever use any other."

Perry teacher—Now, Johnny Wells, can you tell me what is meant by a miracle? Johnny—Yes, ma'am. Mother says if you don't hurry for new pears, that it will be a miracle.

A Sunday school teacher asked a promising lad if dogs had souls, and was answered in the affirmative. On inquiring where their souls went after death, the young hopeful replied "to the dog star."

A party of epicures dined together at an hotel. After they had drunk an enormous quantity of wine, they called for their reckoning. "It is absolutely impossible that we four men drank so much," stammered one. "You are quite right," replied the waiter; "but you forget the three under the table."

During a fine starlight evening lately a three-year-old philosopher, after a silent and apparently profound scrutiny of the heavens, asked his mother, abruptly where the stars came from. Mamma replied: "I don't know, Willie, you don't know where the stars come from." "Well you bet I do. The moon laid 'em."

AN ASTONISHED JUDGE—A lad arrested for theft, when taken before the magistrate and asked what his occupation was, frankly answered, "Stealing." "Your candor astonishes me," said the judge. "I thought it would," replied the lad, "seeing how many big 'uns there are in the same business and is ashamed to own it."

Temperance.

PROHIBITION A SUCCESS.

The friends of Mayor Richmond, of New Bedford, Mass., held a congratulatory meeting in City Hall, Tuesday evening, after it was certain that he was elected, and the Mayor addressed them substantially as follows: "I can call such one present a brother, and I suppose that if I should go around and shake hands with every one, it would be nothing very wrong. I am glad that I can meet people in the street with a smile, and I hope I shall always retain that cheerful disposition, and I feel that in this land it is no crime. We come here to rejoice, not indolently over our opponents, but in a triumph of the principle of prohibition. I know that in many a family there is rejoicing to-night. I remember that last year many said that the prosperity and the business of New Bedford could not exist, unless rum was sold. That story has become consolidated. Look through our city to-day, and independent of the wishing interest, New Bedford can live upon its manufacturing interests, and is doing it. The people who go up and down our streets are well fed, well clothed, and happy. Our manufacturing interests make them so. No longer than a week ago a committee came to me from Lynn to ask about establishing a manufacturing interest here. They want to come because they can get a better class of laborers here than in other cities. Let this cause of temperance advance here, and in a few years a large manufacturing interest will be built up in this city. You can make the people of New Bedford believe again that rum selling is necessary to our prosperity."

In New Bedford I gave my first lecture on Spiritualism, nearly fifteen years ago, the second discourse of the kind ever delivered there, the first being from Cora Scott, now our co-worker, Mrs. Tappan, of Lyric Hall, New York. My first experience of the life of a public teacher was as a "settled speaker," for I remained nearly a year in the city where my first lecture was given, speaking constantly. Memory has in keeping the cherished names of the friends of these early days; they need no mention here, some are in the spirit, and some still manifest in flesh; but all alike unforgotten. Commencing with a hearing of a score, the audience increased to hundreds; and doubtless the radicalism of that time of speech, have aided to bring about the radical action of the present. In no place has the law and practice of prohibition had a more thorough trial than in New Bedford; the result is reported in the speech of the re-elected temperance Mayor Richmond. If the truth in nitro-glycerine may be expressed, and the sale of poison regulated, I can see no reason for "free trade in rum." E. S. W.

AN ITEM FOR LIQUOR DRINKERS.—It is said that the distillers in this country are now agitating the question of the distillation of spirits from the garbage of cities. In this new process the garbage is gathered from the houses of citizens, dumped into vats, boiled, the grease skimmed off, and the pulpy mass fermented and distilled. A barrel of garbage yields four gallons of proof spirits. In reference to this subject the Boston Journal remarks: "Any one who in his peregrinations has encountered one of our city swill carts, and enjoyed its invigorating odor, must enter upon the consumption of spirits so manufactured with peculiar zest," but we doubt not if the liquor thus obtained were analyzed, it would be found at least as pure, and free from deadly poison, as that usually manufactured and drunk by the liquor drinkers of the present day. Persons who can swallow the vile decoctions found in liquor shops need not make a wry face at anything offered them in the shape of liquors.

WHEN?—A glass of whisky is manufactured from seventy grains of corn, the value of which is too small to be estimated. A glass of this mixture sells for a dime, and if a good brand, is considered worth the money. It is drunk in a minute or two. It fires and crazes the brain and deranges and weakens the physical system. On the same sideboard on which the deleterious beverage is served lies a newspaper. It is covered with half a million type—it brings intelligence from every land. The newspaper costs less than a glass of grog, yet there are many people who think corn juice cheap and newspapers dear.

The Hon. Charles Buxton, of London, says: "Intoxication fills our jails, our lunatic asylums, our work-houses. Were it not for this one cause, pauperism would be nearly extinguished in England." *The Westminster Review* says: "Drunkenness is the curse of England, a curse so great that it far eclipses every other calamity under which we suffer. It is impossible to exaggerate the evils of drunkenness."

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